Volume LXXV CHICAGO, MARCH 25, 1915 Number 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Invocation for a Planting

Spirit of the seed
Bless the hand that sows,
And when you are freed
Rise a rose.

To another birth
Waken now and smile.
Grace our bit of earth
A brief while.

In your little life haply we may know
God's joy when He watched His first flower grow.
Child of changing forms, shall I pass like you
Into something strange, beautiful and new?

—*Pauline Florence Brower.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Notes 51
Helping the "Fatherland".—J. H. C. 52
Editorial Wanderings. III.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones. 53

CONTRIBUTED—

Toward the Peace that Shall Last.—From John Haynes Holmes 54
A Great Citizen. The Life of Gerrit Smith. Chapter XXVIII.—Charles Edwin Perkins. 58
My Library. No. XXIII.—Smith Baker 61

POETRY—

Invocation for a Planting.—*Pauline Florence Brown* 49
The Epitaph.—*Katherine Tynan* 51
The World Goes By.—*Arthur Goodenough* 57

THE FIELD—

An Opportunity 62
Notes from California 62

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.

Florists and Decorators

923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830

3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

The Boulevard Florist
Telephone, Douglas 6461
405 East 39th Street
NEAR GRAND BOULEVARD
Chicago 2 Big Stores

Our Specialty
American Beauties, European and Domestic Plants, Freshly Cut Flowers for All Occasions, Swinging Baskets, Ferns, etc.

FREE *help make Chicago beautiful* FREE
Large sample lots of flower and vegetable seeds given away to our customers daily

Telephone, Douglas 665

John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS

3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

FOR **Ice Cream**
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1915. NUMBER 4

THE EPITAPH.

Write on my grave when I am dead,
Whatever road I trod
That I admired and honored
The wondrous works of God.

That all the days and years I had,
The greatest and the least,
Each day with grateful heart and glad
I sat me to a feast.

That not alone for body's meat
Which takes the lowest place
I gave him grace when I did eat
And with a shining face.

But for the spirit filled and fed
That else must waste and die,
With sun and stars replenished
And dew and evening sky.

The beauty of the hills and seas
Brimmed that immortal cup;
And when I went by fields and trees
My heart was lifted up.

Lay me in the green grass and write
Upon the daisied sod
That still I praised with all my might
The wondrous works of God.

—*Katharine Tynan.*

It is very instructive and interesting to compare the Constructive Peace platforms as published in the *Survey* in March 6th, to find wherein they agree and wherein they differ. Four are from Europe, six from various Peace Parties in the United States, all stand for some form of disarmament. All but two, and those American, stand for the right of the inhabitants of the territory to decide by whom they shall be governed. No indemnities where indemnities are mentioned, and in all an appeal to democracy, the right of the people to decide the questions of war.

O. C. S.

Is the Ontario Board of Censors in Canada doing well to prohibit Moving War Pictures? They are justified in the fear that such revelations as the camera gives of actual battle scenes and hospital experience will tend to discourage enlistment, but would that be a very bad thing? The United States finds it a difficult matter to raise its army and navy, even at its present low maximum. The young men of the United States are not drawn to the idleness or at least to the non-productivity of the camp and the training ship. Life on pacific lines has too many attractions. Perhaps, after all, war will cease because individuals will become too intelligent to be fooled by the glamour of the parade, and the false glory of battlefields, and the treacherous, narrow inspirations of patriotism that nourishes a love of country banded by a hate of all rival countries.

What a touching revelation of human nature, a forcible demonstration that life and art strike deeper than the prejudices of patriotism, and the supposed hatreds of the battlefield, is indicated in this item of news by a foreign correspondent of a London paper. He tells of how a Welsh soldier with a vibrant voice and a soul back of it brought about a temporary truce during the fighting near Dixmude in this way:

It was a miserable night. A heavy rain had filled the trenches knee-deep with half-frozen mud. There was no sound except the "plop" of a German bullet against the earth of the parapet and the crack of a British rifle in return.

We were unprepared for any break in the dull misery of our routine when out of the darkness came a voice. It was a merry Welsh ballad called "Hob y deri dando," sung in as fine a voice as one could hear on the stage. It was the cheeriest sound I ever heard. At the end a round of applause came down the trenches. But, imagine our surprise, to hear clapping and calls for more, in good English, from the German trenches. Thereupon the gallant Welshman gave us "Mintra Gwen."

Meantime we realized that not a shot had been fired by either side during the song. We had forgotten all about war. So a bargain was struck with the Germans that if the Welshman would give us another song, neither side would fire any more until daylight.

The third song was "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau." It was perhaps the first time the Welsh national anthem was ever heard on this dismal Flemish morass.

The Minister of Agriculture and Commerce in the Chinese Cabinet has written a new national anthem for Republican China. The music to which it is set is said to have an "Oriental flavor." It is much to be hoped that it may gain popularity, and that it may become indeed a "national hymn." The following free translation is of more than literary value. It reveals the perennial element in the teaching of Confucius and Mencius. It reflects a poltical economy that does not stop with the raising of bread and bartering of goods. Where is the poet who will put in fitting rhythm the heart of this hymn set to international music, that will challenge the enthusiasm of an international intimacy with "Republican China."

Her majestic mountains and superb landscapes
Witness the greatness of China.
Chosen home of the oldest civilization.
The Emperors have effaced themselves and restored the throne to the people.
To the people belongs the supreme power.
Long have Confucius and Mencius taught this;
In the time of Yao and of Shun was it proclaimed.

The people comprise the five races, and the five races are indissoluble.
Thus united, China is invincible.
We must develop the wealth of the land, foster agriculture and industry.
Redress wrongs and make our people happy.
Education and civilization are the great works of the day.
We must all be equal in fact as well as in name.
For did not Confucius and Mencius teach absolute social equality?

There has recently been much discussion of the very serious problem of the unemployed. All sorts of remedies have been proposed. It has been very earnestly contended by some that the problem would disappear if the policy of "single tax" were everywhere adopted. Others as earnestly claim that "socialism" would remove the difficulty. There are some who argue that what we need are more "trade schools." Some help might be found in all these directions. But the advocates of all such remedies make two mistakes: They discuss the social problem without due regard to the inevitable limitation of human nature. They assume that man is essentially perfect and that the world's evils are all due to vicious organization: Change the methods and all would be heavenly,—obviously an error. Again, all these advocates deal in generalities. They never show how their remedies would surely abolish specific evils. For example: Last year in the city of of Boston there were 60,000 arrests for drunkenness! This gigantic Drink-Curse means vast industrial, domestic and human inefficiency. There will necessarily be much unemployment as long as there is so much drinking. Unfortunately nearly all our social reformers ignore this greatest element in the problem which they discuss. Any scheme of social regeneration which ignores drink and leaves the saloon undestroyed is doomed to failure.

J. H. C.

A friend reports our most notorious evangelist as recently saying, with eyes flaming and voice vibrant with anger: "I wish that I were Almighty God for a time that I might give deniers of Jesus' deity a dose of hell-fire!" The pity of it! Not simply that such things are said, but that they are endured and approved by intelligent Christians. It is hard to understand how a disciple of Jesus can use such language. Has he never read the Master's rebuke: Call me not good, for God only is good? Has he never read the last prayer of Jesus: Father, forgive them for they know not what they do? Has he never read Paul's test of a Christian: If ye have not the spirit of Christ ye are not him? It is a sad fact that the bitterest controversies of Christians have raged about the dogma of Jesus' deity. Those who have shed the blood of heretics have been those who have claimed him to be God. There is no blood on the hands of those who have loved him as human. What a terrible misrepresentation of the Gospel of Jesus, who never asked anyone to prove his love by hating those who believe differently about him. The spirit of the revivalist is the spirit of the Inquisition: the spirit that has made Belgium an ash-heap spattered with innocent blood. He may count his "converts" by the thousand, but to what has he converted them? Such pitiful blasphemy sets back the cause of brotherhood in religion more than a generation.

J. H. C.

Helping the "Fatherland"

For the German people as a body, a great many Americans have a very keen sympathy. It is felt that they have been most wofully deceived and most unwisely led. Other nations have been misrepresented. They have been taught to hate where there was no occasion for hatred. They have been made to feel that their national existence was in danger when such was not the case. They have been led to believe that their own welfare demanded the overthrow of their neighbors. All this has been profoundly vicious and the whole world is now plunged in most terrible destruction and suffering because of their mistake.

The grave question now before us is: What can be done to make the common people of the Fatherland see themselves as others see them; to look at their own situation from a new and higher viewpoint; to realize how the world regards them and some of their ideals and policies? This is a difficult but most important task. And it is just here that sensible and high-minded German-Americans might do their kinsmen in Europe immense service. A few voices are already heard among us that point the way in this direction. Conspicuous among them Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, who has recently been eloquently pleading for a return to the older and nobler Germany; to the Germany that did represent the real piety, true culture, and broad humanity. It would be well for all of us, and especially for Germans in the homeland, if many more German-Americans would speak out with similar wisdom and emphasis. The most patriotic thing that our German neighbors here could do, would be to try to call their friends across the sea back to their best selves by personal correspondence and press articles, by private and public speech.

Another thing would help in the same direction: Let German-Americans band together and do something large and practial in relieving the terrible distress in Belgium. The country is in ruins and millions suffer. If we leave out all reference to neutrality and atrocity, it nevertheless stands true that the havoc and woe are due to the German invasion. The universal condemnation of the world is evident. The best service that Germans in our midst can ren-

der the Fatherland is to show in the most substantial ways possible, by all manner of gifts,—money, food, and clothing,—magnanimity and humanity to those perishing foes. What splendid proof of applied Christianity that would be? How such generous actions on the part of German-Americans for the Belgians would prove that their "culture" is more than skin deep and goes into the very heart? Every such contribution to mitigate the misery of Belgium would win the applause of the world and such things would do more to make the name "German" glorious than a dozen land or naval victories!

In view of these facts, it is a great pity that German papers in the Fatherland should passionately exhort the German-Americans among us to follow an exactly opposite course; that is, to organize (enlisting the Irish to help them!) a political propaganda here in order to compel our politicians to comply with the behests of Berlin. But nothing could be more unfortunate for Germany. This threat of coercion, this proposal that our German neighbors use their ballots to club our political leaders into obeying the Kaiser,—this would kindle deep resentment among us. America would make short work of such a movement. The mere suggestion shows how our friends across the sea have lost their heads. It reveals a most unfortunate misconception of the real world situation. This alone proves how much Germans need to be liberated from vicious and injurious delusions; one might almost say, an insane state of mind. It would be a very great thing for the nations if German-Americans would render this immense service to the Fatherland.

J. H. C.

Editorial Wanderings
III.

The "Editorial Wanderings" reported in the last issue of UNITY ended at Los Angeles. A night ride in the upper chamber of a Pullman hostelry (for traffic is heavy) brought me to Berkeley and presently to the hospitable companionship of my old friend and whilom fellow traveler, the incomparable Frederick L. Hosmer. As pastor emeritus of the Church of Berkeley it was his business to shepherd his younger colleague, for his seniority of three years gave to him patriarchal authority, which he promptly exercised. It was Saturday morning and there was a long, radiant day, with the near beauty of the blooming campus of the State University, the far beauty of the Golden Gate, and the night radiance on the horizon that bespoke the glory of the unvisited Panama Exposition.

Sunday morning, February 14th, it was my privilege to preach to a "full house," some of whom remembered the visit of seven years ago, and as usual there were those present who harked back to the older acquaintance in Chicago, and the earlier pastorate in Janesville, Wis. Sunday evening it was my pleasure to meet the faculty of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry in the home of the daughters of my dear friend R. L. Herbert, of blessed memory to the earlier readers of UNITY. Miss Edith, who was for several years the efficient librarian of the Cambridge Divinity School, at Harvard, is now Mrs. Long, her husband is a member of the faculty at Berkeley, and homing with her is her sister Susan, remembered and beloved so among her father's old parishioners of Geneva, Illinois, and Denver, Colorado.

Monday morning there was an informal talk to the students and teachers of the Pacific School for the Ministry, which now claims an enrollment of twelve students, Dean Wilbur and Professor Morgan being resident teachers. The school is so co-ordinated with the adjoining schools for the ministry, and the University of California, that the students have profited by the larger corps of teachers in these institutions.

It is proven that schools representing this one department of education are not hopefully on the increase. Even the popular "orthodox denominations" are compelled to be satisfied with barely holding their own in their training schools for ministers. In view of this fact, twelve students enrolled, seven graduates in the field and at work, approved plans for a new building, and in addition to the faculty, speaks well for the diligence of Dean Wilbur, and the energy and hopefulness of the Pacific constituency of the Unitarian cause.

Monday night the editor delivered a piece of his Peace message to a goodly audience of students and professors in California Hall of the University of California. Next day he was off for the Leland Stanford University, and found the Chancellor, David Starr Jordan, busy with the final touches on a book, one more and, of course, the best on that account, in the series of publications issued by the American Unitarian Association. When this volume, entitled "War and Greed," sees the light of day, there will be available to the student of the greatest question of the present time the latest word in the most condensed form concerning the horrible atrocities now being perpetrated against civilization in Europe, and the half-hearted concessions to the God of War, made by many men and women, too, of this Republic.

War is the child of Aristocracy. The ill-favored bastard of Monarchy. Its foe is Democracy, and the hope of all Peace workers lies in the root principles of Democracy, and the application of international problems.

There was an afternoon ride in the Chancellor's

new auto with an old friend of my ancient campaign days way back in the 70's from Lawrence, Kansas, and the wife of UNITY's friend, everybody's friend, Professor Carruth. The professor could not go riding because he must meet his classes in poetry, the class that is not studying the poets, but emulating them, mastering the art of verse making. It is the theory of Professor Carruth that while there are few poets, everybody can learn to master the trick of writing verse, and in this mastery acquire the highest appreciation of the works of the masters.

Of course it was like "carrying coals to Newcastle" for me to speak on peace at the Leland Stanford University, where the highest academic ability is centered upon this problem. Where already within a week Madame Pethic-Lawrence and Gustav Schwan had been heard, yet under the auspices of the "Cosmopolitan Club," an organization which has for its motto, "Above the Nations is Humanity," a goodly audience was gathered. Dr. Jordan presided, while the Editor of UNITY gave not his lecture on Peace, but sample bricks from the same.

Wednesday morning he enjoyed again the delightful ride from Palo Alto to Berkeley, with the blooming orchards, the poppy decorated fields, the balmy air, its hint of Exposition beauty just out of sight, and the ride on the bay, all of which was a delightful prelude to the one o'clock talk with the pupils and teachers of the Alameda High School. The welcome was warm on the part of some who remembered the visit of seven years ago, mothers whose memories and enthusiasm were intertwined with the friends and workers at the Lincoln Centre, and further back. Six or seven hundred students crowded the too meager hall, perhaps a hundred pupils stood, and the thirty-five minute talk asked for ended in an hour or more of joyful exchange of thought which ripened into enthusiasm and love.

And now it is Friday morning, with the Oakland High School expecting me at one p. m., where I am to be directed by the efficient secretary of the California Peace Society and agent to the American Peace Association, Robert C. Root.

The sun is still shining, and between lectures the editor is resting, snatching the opportunity now and then to bring up his correspondence, renew old acquaintances, measure time by heart beats, forget the gray hairs, and look toward Chicago. But I must not anticipate prospective wanderings. With greetings to the loved readers of UNITY. More anon.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Berkeley, March 18, 1915.

Toward the Peace That Shall Last

Society has probably never before been self-conscious enough to note carefully the subtle reactions of war, inevitably disastrous to the humane instincts which have been asserting themselves in the social order.

Whatever the outcome of the conflict, the people of the New World are concerned that certain things in the civilization of Europe and in each of the warring countries, shall not perish.

Though the United States must, as a non-combatant nation, maintain a neutral attitude, so much is at stake in both war and reconstruction, that on the day when, as President Wilson has said, the nations of Europe come together for settlement, Americans should, as freemen and democrats and peace lovers, express themselves in some affirmative way.

This statement of principles is the outgrowth of meetings through which some of those who deal with the social fabric sought in humbleness and quiet to clarify their minds and make ready to act in concert.

FOREWORD.

Soon after the outbreak of the war, a number of men and women met at the Henry Street Settlement in New York, to consider its effects not only in the belligerent countries but in the neutral countries as well.

At a second conference in midwinter, there was abundant confirmation of the forecasts made six months before, of retardation to those movements for the progress of mankind which had been gaining impetus in all lands. All over the world are appearing the proper and expected signs of a throwback.

It was felt to be a duty to break silence and voice convictions. The following, as individuals, found common footing in this declaration.

Jane Addams, Head Resident, Hull House, Chicago.

Emily G. Balch, Professor of Political and Social Science, Wellesley.

Edward T. Devine, Director New York School of Philanthropy, New York.

John Palmer Gavit, Managing Editor *Evening Post,* New York.

John Haynes Holmes, Pastor Church of the Messiah, New York.

Hamilton Holt, Editor *The Independent,* New York.

Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration, New York.

William I. Hull, Professor of History, Swarthmore.

Florence Kelley, Secretary National Consumers' League, New York.

Paul U. Kellogg, Editor *The Survey,* New York.

William Kent, Member of Congress from California.

Samuel McCune Lindsay, Professor of Social Legislation, Columbia University.

Julian W. Mack, Judge United States Circuit Court, Chicago.

George W. Nasmyth, Director World Peace Foundation, Boston.

Graham Taylor, Director Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, Chicago.

Lillian D. Wald, Head Resident Henry Street (The Nurses) Settlement, New York.

Mornay Williams, Chairman New York Child Labor Commission, New York.

Stephen S. Wise, Rabbi Free Synagogue, New York.

The initiative of the meetings, and the purpose in the minds of those who called them, was expressed in a letter of invitation, from which the paragraphs on the cover of this pamphlet are taken. It was issued in the names of Jane Addams, Lillian D. Wald and Paul U. Kellogg.

An informal committee has been organized with Miss Wald as chairman.

At every stage of warfare in the past, men and women in all nations have endeavored to abate and lessen it. Their repeated endeavors have been answered by repeated wars, until the present war in Europe completes the works of death, desolation and tyranny.

In spite of this, these protests against war are destined to succeed; as once before in the history of the race, the sentiment of pity, of respect for human life, called a halt to senseless slaughter.

There came a time in the history of the Greek and Jewish people when a few set their faces against *human sacrifice as a religious rite* of their highest faith,—bound up, like our wars, with old fealties and solemn customs and with their most desperate fears. Humble men and women, out of sheer affection for their kind, revolted. In face of persecution and ridicule, they warned their countrymen that in pouring human blood upon altars to the gods, they wrought upon their kind more irreparable wrong than any evil against which they sought to forefend. Finally, there came to be enough people with courage and pity sufficient to carry a generation with them; and human sacrifice became a thing of the past.

It took the human race many centuries to rid itself of human sacrifice; during many centuries more it relapsed again and again in periods of national despair. So we have fallen back into warfare, and perhaps will fall back again and again, until in self-pity, in self-defense, in self-assertion of the right of life, not as hitherto, a few, but the *whole people of the world,* will brook this thing no longer.

OUR RIGHT TO PROTEST.

By that opportunity, now ours as never before, to weigh the case against war and to draw the counts from burning words spoken by those who protest and who are of all peoples—*we make single judgment and complete indictment.*

By that good fortune which has placed us outside the conflict; by that ill-fortune by which the belligerent and his rights have heretofore strode the world; by mine-strewn channels, and by international codes which offer scant redress—*we speak as people of a neutral nation.*

By the unemployed of our water fronts, and the augmented misery of our cities; by the financial depression which has curtailed our school building and crippled our works of good-will; by the sluicing of human impulse among us from channels of social development to the back-eddies of salvage and relief—*we have a right to speak.*

By the hot anger and civil strife that we have known; by our pride, vain-glory and covetousness; by the struggles we have made for national integrity and defence of our hearthstones; by our consciousness that every instinct and motive and ideal at work in this war, however lofty or however base, has had some counterpart in our national history and our current life—*we can speak a common language.*

By that comradeship among nations which has made for mutual understanding; by those inventions which have bound us in communication and put the horrors of war at our doors; by the mechanical contrivances which multiply and intensify those horrors; by the quickening human sympathies which have made us sensitive to the hurts of others—*we can speak as fellow victims of this great oppression.*

By our heritage from each embattled nation; by our debt to them for language and faiths and social institutions; for science, scholarship, and invention; by the broken and desolated hearts that will come to us when the war ends; by our kinships and our unfeigned friendships—*we can speak as brothers.*

By all these things, we hold the present opportunity for conscience-searching and constructive action to be an especial charge upon us; upon the newcomers among us from the fatherlands; and upon the joint youth of all the peoples of the two Americas.

WHAT WAR HAS DONE AND IS DOING—ITS BLIGHTS.

War has brought low our conception of the *preciousness of human life* as slavery brought low our conception of human liberty.

It has benumbed our growing sense of the *nurture of life;* and at a time when we were challenging Reichstag, Parliament and Congress with the needlessness of an infant mortality and child labor, it entrenches a million youths with cold and fever and impending death.

It has thwarted the chance of our times toward the *fulfilment of life,* and scattered like burst shrapnel the hands of the sculptors and the violinists, the limbs of the hurdlers and the swimmers, the sensitive muscles of the mechanics and the weavers, the throats of the singers and the interpreters, the eyes of the astronomers and the melters—every skilled and prescient part of the human body, every type of craft and competence of the human mind.

It has set back our promptings toward the *conservation of life;* and in a decade when England and France and Russia, Germany and Austria and Belgium, have been working out social insurance against the hazards of peace, it throws back upon the world an unnumbered company of the widowed and the fatherless, and of aged parents left bereft and destitute.

It has blocked our way toward *the ascent of life,* and in a century which has seen the beginnings of effort to upbuild the common stock, has cut off from parenthood the strong, the courageous and the high-spirited.

ITS INJURIES.

It has in its development of armaments, pitted human flesh against machinery.

It has wrested the power of self-defense from the hands of freemen who wielded lance and sword and scythe, and has set them as machine-tenders to do the bidding of their masters.

It has brought strange men to the door-sills of peaceful people; men like their own men, bearing no grudges one against another; men snatched away from their fields and villages where their fathers lie

buried, to kill and burn and destroy till this other people are driven from their homes of a thousand years or sit abject and broken.

It has stripped farms and ruined self-sustaining communities, and poured into a bewildered march for succor, the crippled and aged and bedridden; the little children and the women great with child unborn.

It has set vast areas at the task of rehabilitating economic gains won through centuries of struggle and sacrifice; and not until then will they be free to think not merely of living, but of better life.

It has razed the flowing lines in which the art and aspiration of earlier generations expressed themselves, and has thus waged war upon the dead.

It has tortured and twisted the whole social fabric of the living.

It has burdened our children and our children's children with a staggering load of debt.

It has inundated the lowlands of the world's economy with penury and suffering unreckonable, hopelessly depressing standards of living already much too low.

It has rent and trampled upon the network of world co-operation in trade and craftsmanship which had made all men fellow-workers.

It has whetted a lust among neutral nations to profit by furnishing the means to prolong its struggles.

It has blasted our new internationalism in the protection of working women and children.

It has distracted our minds with the business of destruction and stayed the forward reach of the builders among men.

It has conscripted physician and surgeon, summoning them from research and the prolongation of life to the patchwork of its wreckage.

It has sucked into its blood and mire our most recent conquests over the elements—over electricity and air and the depths of ocean, and has prostituted our prowess in engineering, chemistry and technology to the service of terror and injury.

It has bent our achievements in transportation into runways, so that neither volcanoes nor earthquakes, nor the rat-holes of famine, but only the plagues can match the war in unbounded disaster.

ITS WRONGS.

It has in its compulsory service made patriotism a shell, empty of liberty.

It has set up the military independent of and superior to the civil power.

It has substituted arbitrary authority and the morals of foot-loose men who escape identity in the common uniform, for the play of individual conscience, and that social pressure which in household and village, in neighborhood and state, makes for individual responsibility, for decency and fair play.

It has battened on apathy, unintelligence and helplessness such as surrender the judgment and volition of nations into a few hands; and has nullified rights and securities, such as are of inestimable value to the people and formidable to tyrants only.

It has threatened the results of a hundred martyrdoms and revolutions and put in jeopardy those free governments which make possible still newer social conquests.

It has crushed under iron heels the uprisings of civilization itself.

ITS EVILS.

It has turned the towers of art and science into new Babels, so that our philosophers and men of letters, our physicists and geographers, our economists and biologists and dramatists, speak in strange tongues, and to hate each other has become a holy thing among them.

It has made were-wolves of neighboring peoples, in the imaginations of each other.

It has set faithful against faithful, priest against priest, prayers against prayers for that success of one army which means slaughter of both.

It has put its stamp upon growing boys and girls and taught them to hate other children who have chanced to be born on the other side of some man-made boundary.

It has massed and exploded the causes of strife, fostering religious antagonisms and racial hates, inbreeding with the ugliest strains of commercialism, perverting to its purposes the increase of over-dense populations and their natural yearning for new opportunities for enterprise and livelihood.

It has not only shattered men's breasts, but loosened the black fury of their hearts; so that in rape, and cruelty, and rage, we have ancient brutishness trailing at the heels of all armies.

It has found a world of friends and neighbors, and substituted a world of outlanders and aliens and enemies.

It has burned itself into men's souls as an evil fact of life, to be accepted along with every other good and evil; instead of what it is,—a survival of barbarism which can and should be ended.

It has violated the finer sensibilities of the race and weakened our claim upon them for the betterment of the conditions under which people live.

It has given the lie to the teachings of missionaries and educators, and will stay civilization in the uttermost parts of the earth.

It has lessened the number of those who feel the joys and sorrows of all people as their own.

It has strangled truth and paralyzed the power and wish to face it, and has set up monstrous and irreconcilable myths of self-justification.

It has mutilated the human spirit.

It has become a thing which passeth all understanding.

STRIKING HANDS.

We have heard the call from overseas of those who have appealed to men and women of good-will in all nations to join with them in throwing off this tyranny upon life.

We must go further; we must throw open a peace which shall be other than a shadow of old wars and a prelude to new. We do more than plead with men to stay their hands from killing. We hail living men. As peace lovers we are charged with the sanctity of human life; as democrats and freemen we are charged with its sovereignty.

By the eight million natives of the warring states living among us without malice or assault one upon another, let us leave the occasions of fighting no longer for idle war boards to decide.

By the blow our forbears struck at barbarism when they took vengeance out of private hands, let us wrest the manufacture of armaments and deadly weapons

from the gun-mongers and powder-makers who gain by it.

By those electric currents that have cut the ground from under the old service of diplomacy, and spread the new intelligence, let us put the ban upon intrigue and secret treaties.

For we hold that not soldiers, nor profit-takers, nor diplomats, but the people who suffer and bear the brunt of war, should determine whether war must be; that with ample time for investigation and publicity of every cause and meaning, with recourse to every avenue for mediation and settlement abroad, war should come only by the slow process of self-willing among men and women who solemnly publish and declare it to be a last and sole resort.

With our treatied borderland, 3,000 miles in length without fort or trench from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which has helped weld us for a century of unbroken peace with our neighbors to the north, we would spread faith not in entrenched camps but in open boundaries.

With the pacts of our written constitution before us which bind our own sovereign states in amity, we are convinced that treaty making may be lifted to a new and inviolable estate, and lay the foundations for that world organization which for all time shall make for peace upon earth and good-will among men.

With our experience in lesser conflicts in industrial life, which have none the less embraced groups as large as armies, have torn passions, and rasped endurance to the uttermost, we can bear testimony that at the end of such strife as cleave to the heart of things, men are disposed to lay the framework of their relations in larger molds than those which broke beneath them.

With our ninety million people drawn from Alpine and Mediterranean, Danubean, Baltic and Slavic stocks; with a culture blended from these different affluents, we hold that progress lies in the predominance of none; and that the civilization of each nation needs to be refreshed by that cross-breeding with the genius and the type of other human groups; that blending which began on the coast lands and islands of the Aegean Sea where European civilization first drew its sources from the Euphrates and the Nile.

With memories of the typranny which provoked our revolution, with the travail still upon us by which we in our turn have paid for the enslavement of a people, with the bitterness only now assuaged which marked our period of mistrust and reconstruction, we bear witness that boundaries should be set where not force, but justice and consanguinity direct; and that, however boundaries fail, liberty and the flowering-out of native cultures should be secure.

With our fair challenge to the spirit of the East and to the chivalry of the West in standing for the open door in China when that empire, now turned republic, was threatened by dismemberment, we call for the freeing of the ports of every ocean from special privilege based on territorial claims, throwing them open with equal chance to all who by their ability and energy can serve new regions to their mutual benefit.

With the faith we have kept with Cuba, the regard we have shown for the integrity of Mexico and our preparations for the independence of the Philippine Islands, we urge the framing of a common colonial policy which shall put down the predatory exploitation that has embroiled the West and oppressed the East, and shall stand for an opportunity for each latent and backward race to build up according to its own genius.

By our full century of ruthless waste of forest, ore and fuel; by the vision which has come to us in these later days of conserving to the permanent uses of the people the water power and natural wealth of our public domain, we propose the laying down of a planetary policy of conservation.

By that tedium and monotony of life and labor for vast companies of people, which when war drums sound, goads the field worker to forsake his harvest and the wage-earner to leap from his bench, we hold that the ways of peace should be so cast as to make stirring appeal to the heroic qualities in men and give common utterance to the rhythm and beauty of national feeling.

By the joy of our people in the conquest of a continent; by the rousing of all Europe, when the great navigators threw open the new Indies and the New World, we stand for such a scheming-out of our joint existence that the achieving instincts among men, not as one nation against another, nor as one class against another, but as one generation after another, shall have freedom to come into their own.

THE WORLD GOES BY.

Sun-rise and moon-rise,
And lure of earth and sky;
Sun-rise and moon-rise
And echoes that reply;
With hours between to sigh in,
To laugh in and to cry in—
To dream in—and to die in
And so the world goes by!

Sun-set and moon-set
And bird and butterfly;
Sun-set and moon-set
And shadows dim which lie;
And happy days and drear days,
And bitter days and dear days,
And cloudy days and clear days—
And so the world goes by!

Sun-shine and star-shine
And hopes unborn that cry:
Sun-shine and star shine,
And dreams that will not die,
With flight of rook and swallow,
And songs we fain would follow
Loud-flung from hill and hollow—
And so the world goes by!

Day-light and gray-light,
And wonder in the sky;
Day-light and gray-light,
And wings wherewith to fly;
And loss and death to grieve us
And frowning Fates to weave us
A shroud when breath shall leave us,—
And so the world goes by!

Oak-leaf and ivy-leaf,
And laurel leaf and all;
And hero wreath and angel wreath
And something waxing small,
And base thoughts and holy thoughts
And silence—after all!

Green-leaf and red-leaf,
And rainbow-banded sky;
Spring home leaf and autumn leaf
And flowers that droop and die;
And birthday and bridal days
And none to tell us why!

—Springfield Republican. *—Arthur Goodeonugh.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Diary:

April 4, 1871. I leave Oswego for Washington; Dr. S. G. Howe and President White of Cornell having telegraphed me to come. April 5. We reach New York (Mrs. Walter's) the evening of that day. Next day we went to Washington. We left Washington the next Tuesday and reached Philadelphia (Chapman Biddle's) that evening. We left there the following Thursday for New York. We reached home 19th April.

THE SAN DOMINGO SCHEME.

The summons to Washington was in connection with President Grant's project of annexing Dominica to the United States. It will be remembered that the treaty providing for annexation which had been negotiated by the President's Secretary, Gen. Orville E. Babcock, had, through the determined opposition of Senator Sumner, been defeated in the Senate (June 30, 1870). The question of annexation involved a radical departure from all precedents connected with the territorial expansion of the United States, a fact which aroused a strong opposition. But over and above such ground of objection, the plan was malodorous by reason of allegations of a mixing-up with speculative and stock-jobbing interests. An element of decided bitterness was injected into the controversy on this account. Mr. Sumner, as head of the Foreign Affairs Committee, was the storm center. Feeling very strongly over the matter, he expressed his convictions with his accustomed emphasis. Over the appointment of a second committee to visit the Island, which the President had asked, one of the longest and most acrimonious debates in the history of the Senate had taken place on the 21st of the preceding December, the session lasting all night. In this debate Mr. Sumner had been characteristically outspoken, and in return had been sharply attacked by various supporters of the President's plan, notably Senator Conkling. The Resolution providing for the appointment of the commission went through, President Andrew D. White and Dr. Samuel G. Howe being members of it.

The commissioners had returned and reported; and the final struggle over the project was on. Mr. Smith was sent for to come to Washington, as a friend both of the President and Senator Sumner, and one who was deeply interested in the welfare of the Island.

Mr. Smith was, however, unalterably opposed to annexation. The ground of his objection to the plan was a purely humanitarian one. He held that the true policy of the United States should be that of the strong neighbor, who, without any ulterior designs, enacts the part of protector, adviser and helper of a weak party. The climate of the West India islands was particularly adapted to the negroes who composed so large a proportion of their inhabitants, and he desired to have the black race enjoy the opportunity of developing there without interference of others. The United States, he hoped, might assure protection to Hayti, and lend the people friendly aid. Beyond this, he would have our country keep hands off. Senator Sumner cherished some such desire in his own mind also. In the course of the long debate in the Senate, to which allusion has been made, Mr. Sumner made this statement:

> Senators know well, at least there are Senators who know that a darling idea of mine, entertained for years, has been a protectorate in the Gulf to be maintained by the great Republic. That idea was in my mind when the President was with me. I did not develop it, for a very good reason. I reserved to myself the consideration of the question whether on the papers that should be presented anything of that kind could be wrought out. This was my idea. But the moment I examined the papers, and especially when I became acquainted with the machinations of Baez and his confederates, the case was too clear. I saw that there was but one side to it, and from that moment I have had but one opinion. I saw clearly that the idea which I had at heart would not be established by the President's treaties, and then their real character was too apparent.

A Washington newspaper, referring to Gerrit Smith's presence at the Capital, says: "President Grant, who in the course of a long interview today, endeavored without success to impress his own views upon Gerrit Smith, will have another conference with him today on the same subject." The second conference resulted like the first. In spite of his confidence in the President's motives, which was never shaken, Mr. Smith held firm to his convictions. He appears to have used his good offices as a friend to both parties to the controversy, towards bringing about a resumption of cordial relations between them. But the breach between President and Senator was beyond healing. The same newspaper from which a quotation already has been made, states: "Mr. Smith also had talks with Sumner, Conkling and other radical leaders, counseling harmony and conciliation. It does not, however, appear that he has succeeded in his efforts to bring about a better state of feeling."

One of the most deplorable results of the San Domingo effort on the part of the President was the retirement of Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar from the Cabinet. As Attorney General he had opposed the measure so far as his influence went, taking practically the same view of it that was held by Senator Sumner. He was known as one of the very ablest jurists in the United States, and a man of unbending rectitude; but he was sacrified to please certain of the unprincipled supporters of the Administration.[1]

The Diary:

May 30, 1871. I attended the decoration of the soldiers' graves.

July 8. A. Bronson Alcott and William Lloyd Garrison arrive. July 10. They leave.

September 22. I went to Canastota and brought up Chief Justice Chase this p. m. This evening Mrs. Governor Sprague and her sister, Mrs. Hoyt, arrive. September 23. This Saturday evening Gov. Sprague and Mr. Hoyt arrive. Mr. Schenck came also last evening. Sunday I took Chief Justice Chase to the Methodist Church. September 25. I took to Cazenovia the Chief Justice and Mrs. Sprague and Gen. Cochran. We all dined at Gen. Ledyard's. Soon after we left them, Gov. Sprague and Mr. Hoyt left for their homes.

This visit from the Chief Justice, with his daughters and sons-in-law, makes appropriate the insertion of a letter, written more than nine years before, by Mr. Chase, at the time Secretary of the Treasury, which shows the affectionate regard in which Mr. Smith was held by the daughters (as well as by the father). The

1. For a full account of events connected with Judge Hoar's retirement from the Cabinet, the reader is referred to the volume, E. R. Hoar: A Memoir. By Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson. Pp. 206 et seq.

letter acknowledges a photographic likeness of Mr. Smith, sent in the Secretary's care for a friend stationed at Port Royal.

Washington, March 31, 1862.

My Dear Friend:

The counterfeit presentment, the only thing counterfeit connected with your name, has gone toward Port Royal and will in due time reach our friend, Miss W.

I send you two of myself and ask in return two for my girls, with the sweetest note to each you can write.

Cordially as ever,

S. P. Chase.

Hon. G. Smith.

March 6, 1872. I this day complete my 75th year, but I feel that I am not yet born again.

GERRIT SMITH AT THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1872.

To Andrew D. White:

Babylon, Long Island, May 18, 1872.

President White:

My Dear Friend: I see the great honor done me by the State Convention held at Elmira. Truly do I regard it a great honor. I am here with my sick wife, and for several reasons it is quite doubtful whether I shall get to Philadelphia. You, my alternate, will, I trust, not fail to be there. The country cannot yet afford to have the Democratic party come into power. But the success of either the Cincinnati or the Baltimore conventions will be the success of that party. The Philadelphia Convention will doubtless nominate President Grant. The anti-slavery battle is not yet fought out, and until it is, we shall need Grant's continued leadership.

With great regard, yours,

Gerrit Smith.

The Diary:

June 5, 6 and 7. We attended the National Republican Convention in Philadelphia.

Gerrit Smith was the hero of the Convention. No other delegate was greeted with such an ovation, and to none was shown such a mingling of reverence, affection and respect. All the newspaper correspondents sent glowing accounts to their respective journals, of the tributes of applause, and then of eager, listening silence, that greeted him when he rose to speak. We choose, for reproduction, a report of the scene from the pen of a Western delegate, Hon. Samuel M. Clark of Keokuk, Iowa, editor of the *Keokuk Gate City*.

GERRIT SMITH AT PHILADELPHIA.

The most interesting and gratifying incident of the day, or indeed of the entire convention, was the grand ovation given Gerrit Smith. He was the head of the New York delegation. Sitting near the stand, in the front seat of the dress circle, he soon attracted attention. And immediately upon the dispatch of the preliminaries, in a moment's lull of business, somebody started the cry for Gerrit Smith. Immediately it was taken up, and all over the immense building arose such a din of imperious clamor as is seldom heard. The aged and infirm hero was taken to the stand. The mild eye of the veteran of abolitionism at once kindled and moistened as he bowed his stalwart form in recognition of the reception that he was having. For it was such a reception as no other man had. Delegates and audience sprang to their feet and for several minutes there was a perfect whirlwind of applause that made the hall ring again. It was a grand ovation. And when there was silence, Gerrit Smith said never a word of himself, or of his services to human freedom. He spoke only of the need the country had of the Republican party, and especially of Grant. He noticed that the great good that his administration had been to the country as to its business interests and material prosperity. But for himself, he said he cared very little for dollars and cents. What he wanted was an honest administration, that stood as the guaranty of human rights and of the protection of the colored man and every other man in the land.

Mr. Smith's voice is not strong, but he was fully heard, for the great audience kept perfect silence.

When he was done the tumult of applause again broke forth, and subsided only to break out again as the fine band struck up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." And as Gov. Oglesby, the colored orator, Lynch, and others followed and paid grateful eulogies to him, which evoked at every allusion spontaneous and ringing applause, the old man sat with blushes upon his cheeks, and an occasional drop of tears that did not misbecome his grand manhood. Ah! it was a grand ovation; worth living Gerrit Smith's arduous life to receive, right there, in Philadelphia, where in the earlier days of Smith's life and work the pro-slavery mob had torn down Liberty Hall because it was devoted to Freedom, Free Labor and Free Speech. He was treated with the same consideration throughout the Convention. Upon the second day, after a protracted session, the Convention and the crowd had grown weary, impatient of speech-making and anxious for the nominations to be made. Much confusion prevailed and some of the best speakers in the party had been shouted down on the ground that they couldn't be heard. At this time Gerrit Smith rose to speak. The uproar recommenced, but as soon as the word went through the house who it was, the most complete silence prevailed. His voice was so low that only a dozen or so could hear him. The greater part of the audience could not even hear his voice. But they saw that he was speaking and perfect order prevailed until he took his seat. The President of the Convention and orators like Emory Storrs of Chicago had failed to secure quiet, but consideration for Gerrit Smith stilled the tumult in a moment.

MR. SMITH AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

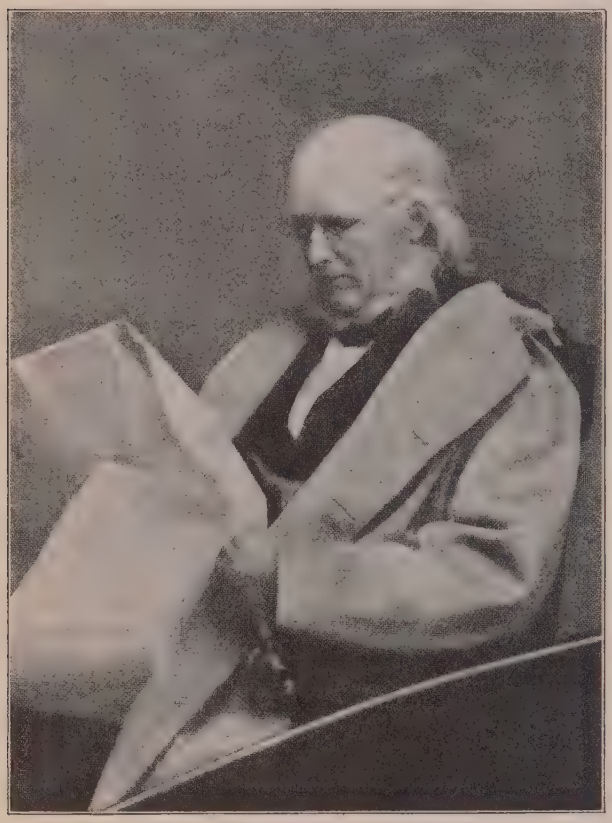
In 1868, when some talk was indulged in of putting Chief Justice Chase in nomination for the Presidency, on the Democratic ticket, Gerrit Smith expressed some confidence in the party. Had Mr. Chase been nominated he would have taken it as a proclamation that the party had really been "converted" from its old attitude of subserviency to an aristocratic, oligarchic South, and would, most likely, have supported its candidate. Chase might well have been named by the Democrats, for in the ante-war years, in matters aside from slavery, that distinguished man had always held to Democratic principles. But with Gov. Seymour as the candidate, a man of "gentle nature, bland manners and persuasive lips," though he was, to quote Mr. Smith's characterization of him, it seemed to the venerable anti-slavery champion that the Democratic party was serving notice upon the country that the old leaders still lead, and old policies, so far as possible, might be anticipated in case of his election.

We have seen with what energy Mr. Smith threw himself into the canvass for Grant and Colfax in the campaign of 1868. For a man without a party he was a staunch upholder of the administration during the years that followed. The San Domingo affair was the only incident in which he strongly opposed the President. In that he went so far as to say that the President "attaches disproportionate importance to its (the nation's) material prosperity." He pointed out certain perils which would be in danger of following a successful issue of the project, among them "the not improbable union of other nations to resist our insatiable appetite for territory and power."[2] But with the collapse of the San Domingo business the single serious objection to the policy of President Grant was removed.

When Horace Greeley was nominated by the coalition of Liberal Republicans and Democrats, Gerrit Smith saw some of his oldest and firmest friends and associates throwing the weight of their influence in behalf of the new party platform and candidates. He was besought to do so by these friends, particularly by Charles Sumner. Mr. Greeley himself, assuming the

2. Letter to Hon. J. C. Churchill, M. C., Dec. 22, 1870.

privilege of a lifelong intimacy, recalled to his mind the favor shown by him to the Democratic party four years previously, when Chase was suggested as its possible candidate. But Mr. Smith would not be moved. To Mr. Sumner's allegations of the abounding corruption of the administration he made no answer. He believed in Sumner, honored and loved him, but in his eyes the Democratic party was the contemptuous foe of the black man, and the Republican President, with whatever faults, had shown himself the black man's friend. The black man's interests out-



HORACE GREELEY.
One of his latest portraits.

(Taken from the Photographic History of the Civil War. Copyrighted by the Review of Reviews Company.)

weighed every other, and turning from Greeley, his comrade in many a hard fought battle for reform, his companion in the brave business of bailing the imprisoned head of the Lost Cause, he spoke and wrote and exerted all his influence for Grant's re-election. He did, however, pay a noble tribute to Horace Greeley in the very letter in which he explains why he will not give him his vote:

"Great is my respect for Mr. Greeley," he writes. "Often have I spent an hour or two in listening to his instructive conversation—instructive on whatever subject. For he is one of the few men who knows everything. And his conversation was as pure as it was enlightening. Now and then I see that he is called a passionate and profane man, and, most absurdly, a 'free lover.' In none of my numerous interviews with him has he been other than well tempered, chaste and free from profanity. Moreover, in all these interviews his deep and broad benevolence, his warm desire for the elevation and happiness of the human family, was conspicuous. . . . He always contended for the right of the colored men of our own State to the ballot. He was always for doing them full justice. Never did he fail to oppose the extension of slavery.

This amounts to a fairly good certificate of character for Mr. Greeley, and it was written with that fullheartedness which always characterized Mr. Smith's praise. Judging, however, by his activity in the campaign, he put aside any natural regrets that he may have had at the attitude toward Mr. Greeley's candidacy to which he had found himself driven by an impervious conscience. He warned Republicans not to be misled by the name of the party, Liberal Republican, which, he averred, was the ancient Democratic party and no other, carrying all its sins unrepented of. And he warned colored voters not to be drawn to the support of a ticket headed by Horace Greeley, because Greeley had been nominated for no other purpose than to gain votes by false pretenses.

When the votes were counted Mr. Smith was jubilant over the result.

There are few incidents in American political history sadder than the last days of Horace Greeley. He was deserving of a better fate than befell him. Conscientious throughout his whole political career, he was never more firmly held by a sense of duty than when he accepted the nomination for the Presidency. And it is time now that history should do him justice and recognize the fact that the Greeley campaign was more influential in uniting a disunited country on a basis of good-will than any other event that succeeded the Civil War. The proposition that North and South "Shake hands across the bloody chasm," jeered at and condemned as unpatriotic, as it was, was an utterance that might well have aroused the hearty response of every patriotic mind. It is the lasting glory of the great editor's fame that he, who never flinched from condemning the South when she was in the wrong, led the way in the burial of animosities and in rendering justice to her when she was misjudged, mistreated and oppressed. His last service to his country cannot suffer by comparison with that of any former period of his life. But he died broken-hearted, and one of the many sorrows which helped to crush him was the misunderstanding and opposition of his lifetime friend and comrade in the good fight of Humanity, Gerrit Smith.

The Diary:

August 23, 1872. Edmonia Lewis (artist) of Rome, Italy, comes to take the first steps toward putting my statue in marble. I am surprised and not pleased by it. September 3. Edmonia leaves us.

Mr. Smith's disinclination to a statue (a project conceived by his friends) prevailed. Miss Lewis made a stay of some days at Peterboro, as the Diary shows, and during her visit made a plaster cast of the clasped right hands of Mr. Smith and his wife. Later, in her studio in Rome, the artist carved the hands in marble. They are now among the family memorials at Peterboro.

December 19. Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Miss Emily Faithfull and Miss Pattison (both from England) arrive. December 29. Miss Faithfull speaks in Evans Hall. January 5, 1873. She speaks again in Evans Hall. January 15. Miss Faithfull and Miss Pattison leave us for our daughter's in Geneva.

Emily Faithfull, the noted and very practical English philanthropist and advocate of enlarged industrial opportunities for women, after her visit at the home of Col. and Mrs. Miller at Geneva, was invited to New York, where in February she was a guest at a

reception given in her honor in Steinway Hall. Representative women, journalists, authors, artists, teachers and workers in various fields made up the audience. Miss Faithfull made a notable address on the subject of greater opportunities of self-supporting industry for her sex.

March 6, 1873. I this day complete my 76th year and yet, as I feel, my heart is not yet right in the sight of God.

Certainly Mr. Smith had the humility of the saints!

My Library—No. XXIII.

Generally speaking, there is no class of books that has ever come to My Library, that has proven more useful or in the end more interesting, than those which require one to puzzle over them more than once, and literally to climb step by step to their unique altitude as best he may—often there to wait for some time before the peculiar psychical enlargement necessary for their correct understanding and full appreciation is realized. For the possession of such books, one ought not only to pray earnestly, but when possessed to give one's self up to such an importunate devotion as will eventually bring to light all the hidden virtues they may contain. Even if finally there comes not complete satisfaction as to the contents of the volumes themselves, there is none the less never an unsatisfactory growth of mind for him who devotedly undertakes such a conquest, although the extraordinary energizing and persistence necessary for ultimate achievement may be for the time being wearisome.

Among the volumes of this class are notoriously to be counted those of the late Walter Pater. Although I had had some forty and five years of good reading when I purchased his "Greek Studies," and soon after his "Marius the Epicurean," I was not yet sufficiently prepared to read them easily or with anything like the full comprehension their due. Even with the simpler of his works, I had the trouble that his biographer, Arthur C. Benson, expresses himself as having had with Pater's essay on "Style:" "It is indeed so elaborate," says he, "so carefully wrought, it disdains so solemnly the devices that bring lucidity, the way-posts and milestones of the road, that in reading it one is apt to lose the sense of its structure, and not to realize what a simple case he is presenting." This I found to be the case also with "Marius," and likewise with all of Pater's books, so far as my first reading of them went. It was a good deal like one's first attempts to read French or German, which require not only the closest attention, but frequent stops for reference and recollection. Disdaining "the devices that bring lucidity" may be suitable for readers who already have the requisite light; but for the commoner it only means that all too discouraging effort must be put forth, and often more than once, before anything like the author's real meaning can be discovered.

Notwithstanding all his careful complexity, however, Pater is surely worth the effort—every word. Thus the evolution of Marius "through various stages of philosophy to the threshold of Christianity," is through so fine a presentation of the expansion of a rich intellectual and religious nature, that it is worth following closely to the very end. Undoubtedly, too, one finds in it so much of Pater himself, that one quite feels oneself in touch with two minds rather than one. So too may one feel this more or less, as one peruses the beautiful study, "The Child in the House," or "that strange, fanciful story," "Uthwart." In both these, the author's own spirit, while thoroughly mixed with that of the subject, is yet so universalized as to be autobiographical in a still larger, if less definite, sense. And I imagine this to be the case with all that he wrote. For the more one reads the more fully does one realize the one Presence which could only have come from this particular personality.

If reading Walter Pater was a difficult task at first, the joy of doing it more readily now is a reward that undoubtedly will grow with increase of familiarity. Although I thus far have only seen his beauties here and there, I confidently expect to find all the rest pretty nearly as beautiful, as it will be solid, I am sure, and consequently a treasure-trove to be valued accordingly.

Of course I shall now put myself irrevocably outside the pale of every wise man's commendation, when, with blushings never so pronounced, I acknowledge that none other than John Ruskin has been almost entirely neglected thus far, in spite of the fact that an imposing array of his volumes has for many years been before me, and likewise in spite of my general liking for all that I have ever read of his, to say nothing of the delicious encouragement derived from reading Collingwood's "Life." When, a few years since, I heard the Reverend Dwight Hillis lecture upon Ruskin, and had caught some of his own enthusiastic respect and admiration, I promised myself a prompt and most thorough reading of every word that Ruskin had written, even if only out of respect to a duty I owed myself in common with everyone who recognizes the great need and usefulness of intelligent notions and good influences in this perplexing, heavily-burdened life. Surely, I have always, so far as I know, been ready freely to subscribe to what the University of Oxford said to Ruskin, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday: "You have helped," said the address, "many to find in life more happiness than they thought it held. . . . you have taught many to see the wealth of beauty in nature and in art, prizing the remembrance of it; . . . you have encouraged many to keep a good heart through dark days;" and also I can freely acknowledge with Canon Rawnsley, that

> He gave us eyes, for we were blind,
> He bade us know and hear;
> By him the wonder of the mind
> Of God, on earth was clear,

and feel that every word is truth; for have I not read all about "The King's Treasure," and "Of the Queen's Garden," and many noble, inspiring words about "Work" and "Traffic" and "War," in the unrivalled "Crown of Wild Olive?" and heartily approved? Have I not also dipped somewhat into "Modern Painters," and "The Stones of Venice," and been instructed and edified at every venture? Nevertheless, it still remains for me to read even these with anything like deserving care, and, as for the rest of Ruskin, to read him at all!

SMITH BAKER.

(To be continued.)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

AN OPPORTUNITY.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman has been a marked figure in the field of social progress and reform since 1890, when her famous evolutionary poem, "Similar Cases," attracted attention throughout the reading world. Mrs. Gilman spoke to an interested audience at All Souls Church, Chicago, on Sunday, March 14th, on her way to the Pacific Coast. Earnest, human, practical, reverent, she wakes her hearers up and sets their brains working. Mrs. Gilman will be in Chicago again from May 10 to 22, and as this is an opportunity of which many might wish to avail themselves, we print below her lecture courses. She may be addressed until May 10 care of Miss Vivian Pearce, 4615 Irving Street, San Francisco; until May 22 at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

FOUR COURSES OF SIX DISCUSSION LECTURES.

I. THE LARGER FEMINISM—
1. The Biological Base.
2. The Economic Relation.
3. "Love," Love and Marriage.
4. The Home—Past, Present and Future.
5. Motherhood—Personal and Social.
6. The Normal Woman and the Coming World.

II. STUDIES IN MASCULISM—
1. Our Male Civilization.
2. Its Influence on Women.
3. On the Family, the Child, the Home.
4. On Business, Government, Warfare.
5. On Education, Art, Literature.
6. On Ethics, Religion, Progress.

III. BRAIN TRAINING—
1. Our Brains and What Ails Them.
2. The Years that Cripple Us.
3. What Schools Should be.
4. Specialization, Its Use and Danger.
5. Feeling, Thinking and Doing.
6. Social Parentage.

IV. WAR AND THE WORLD HOPE—
1. What Humanity is For.
2. War, Waste, and Social Economy.
3. The Life We Have a Right to.
4. Where the Women Come in.
5. How to Make World Citizens.
6. Old Religions and New Hopes.

A Course of Three—Man, Woman and Child—

A special course of three lectures in which Mrs. Gilman gives the main points of her philosophy:

1. Man—On the Nature of Humanity, of Work, of Men, and the Androcentric Past.
2. Woman—On the Relation of Woman to Humanity, to Man, and her Change in the Present.
3. Child—On Parentage, Physical and Social, and the Child's Place in the Future.

General Topics—
1. Our Brains and What Ails Them.
2. The Wicked Waste of Housework.
3. War and Women.
4. The Meaning of Feminism.
5. The Dress of Women.
6. A Place for Babies.
7. A Reasonable Socialism.
8. Common Sense and Equal Suffrage.
9. America's Place Today.
10. Men, Women and People.
11. Social Ethics.
12. World Federation.

Mrs. Gilman has also prepared a single lecture based on the subject matter of the course on "War, and the World Hope."

NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA.

In a previous number the editor spoke of a visit to the Frances Parker School at San Diego, and the memorial flag raising as the opening exercises, the children singing the following revised version of "America," made by Chicago's tireless worker, Mary E. McDowell of the University Settlement.

Our Father's God to Thee
Author of liberty
In every clime.
May we all brothers be
In this our country free,
Makers of unity
In this our time.

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

FONGER'S
Sanitary Bakery
Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds

3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

Telephone Douglass 7014

R. FRANZ
Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats
Fresh Vegetables and Fruits in Season

732-734 East 39th St. Chicago

Our No. 35 Rolled Edge White
AUTOMATIC LIFT

One of the very latest Drop Head designs and one that has already attained wide popularity by reason of its uniqueness, beauty and thorough reliability. A finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball bearings and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Telephone, Central 480

White Sewing Machine Co.
24 West Lake Street GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Dear land of thee we sing
Our hearts our hands we bring.
Thee let us serve;
Let us the cities rear
And without slavish fear
Build here a Nation dear
In freedom's name.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break.
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

The singing was followed by this "Declaration of Principles" and "Citizens' Creed" from the same pen. The children of San Diego are learning to grow up to this standard of citizenship:

"That nation shall endure forever whose people have entered the paths of self-control and world-wide sympathy."

THE CITIZEN'S CREED.

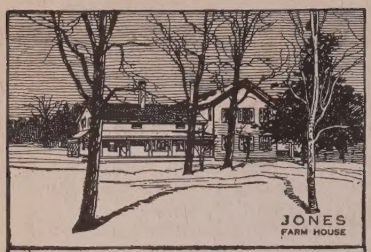
We believe that God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and that we are His children, brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of the United States and believe that our flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We want to be true patriots and show our love of all men by our work for peace.

Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare; she asks us to live for her good, so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every home within her boundaries be a place fit to grow the best kind of men and women to rule over her.

Phone Douglas 3882 Established 1873

Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
We Give National Mileage Coupons with All Cash Purchases
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue :-: Chicago

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 364 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



JONES Dairy Farm SAUSAGE

Hams

Bacon

and

Lard

can be had from the following south side dealers:

FRED BALLARD,
1516 East 53rd St.

BLACK BROS.,
1541 East 53rd St.

WM. BULOWA,
1332 East 47th St.

CLARK & LYON,
39th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

H. F. EGGERS,
55th St. and Dorchester Ave.

C. H. MORGAN & CO.,
319 East 47th St.

J. W. LEIGH,
1514 East 53rd St.

RUST & ANTISDALE,
1410 East 47th St.

A. J. SHAFER,
1531 East 51st St.

SIPPEL'S MARKET HOUSE,
7252 Wentworth Ave.

HERMAN STAFF,
1104 East 47th St.

U. S. CO-OPERATIVE CO.,
Kenwood Ave. and 57th St.

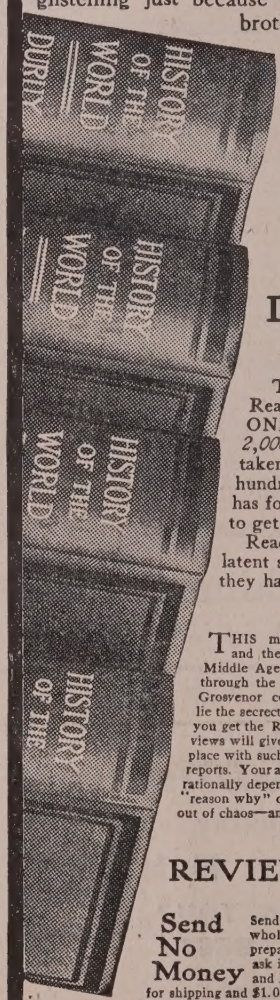
MICHAEL VOGT,
317 East 26th St.

O. T. WALL,
1308 East 63rd St. Woodlawn

WAR! What Is It All About?

HAS the whole world gone stark mad over a very foolish and trivial question? Are swords rattling, cannon rumbling, mailed armour glistening just because Russia wanted to show her love for the little brother—Servia?

Tear aside the curtain of Europe's politics and see the grim and sinister game of chess that is being played. See upon what a slim, yet desperate, excuse the sacred lives of millions may be sacrificed. Read the history of the past one hundred years, as written by one of the greatest authorities the world has ever known, and learn the naked, shameful truth. Just to get you started as a Review of Reviews subscriber, we make you this extraordinary offer. We will give to you



FREE!

Duruy's History of the World

Four splendid cloth volumes, full of portraits, sketches, maps, diagrams

Today is the climax of a hundred years of preparation. Read in this timely, authoritative, complete, AND THE ONLY CONDENSED classic world history—of which *over 2,000,000 copies have been sold in France alone*—just what has taken place in the inner councils of Europe during the past one hundred years. Read in these entrancing pages how Russia has for years craftily been trying to escape from her darkness—to get a year-round open port, with its economic freedom.

Read how Germany and Austria, fearful of the monster's latent strength, have been trying to checkmate her and how they have pinned all in this last, supreme stake.

The Lesson of the Past

THIS master of the pen shows you the glory that was Greece's and the grandeur that was Rome's. He guides you through the Middle Ages, the picturesque old days of feudalism and the crusades; through the Renaissance up to contemporaneous history, which Prof. Grosvenor completes in brilliant manner. In the story of the past lie the secrets of today. And you will understand them better when you get the Review of Reviews for a year—for the Review of Reviews will give you a sane interpretation of the events that are taking place with such rapidity. It is not enough to read the daily news reports. Your ability to comprehend conditions, and to discuss them rationally depends on a true interpretation of the meaning and the "reason why" of events. In your mind you must bring order out of chaos—and the Review of Reviews will do it for you.

Get the REVIEW of REVIEWS for a Year

Send No Money Send the coupon only. It brings the whole set—four volumes—charges prepaid—absolutely free. All we ask is that—after you get the books and like them—you send 25 cents for shipping and $1.00 a month for three months to pay for the Review of Reviews. If the books aren't worth more than you pay for books and magazine together, send them back at our expense. But be prompt. The world-wide fame of Duruy will make these 5,000 sets disappear from our stock room at once. Send your coupon today—and be in time.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Pl., N.Y.

Review of Reviews, 30 Irving Pl., New York:

Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, Duruy's History of the World in 4 volumes bound in cloth. Also enter my name for the Review of Reviews for one year. If I keep the books, I will remit in 10 days 25 cents for shipping and $1 per month for three months for the magazine and retain the History of the World without charge. Otherwise I will, within 10 days, return the books at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

For cash with order send only $3.00 and we will pay shipping charges.

The beautiful ¾ leather set costs only a few cents more. For a set of this luxurious binding, change 3 months above to 5 months, or send $5.00 cash in full.